

THE  
Medal Revers'd.

A  
SATYRE  
AGAINST  
PERSECUTION.

---

By the Author  
Of *AZARIA* and *HUSHAI*.

---

---*Laudatur ab his, Culpatur ab illis.*  
*By Samuel Pordage*

---



L O N D O N :  
Printed for Charles Lee, Anno 1682.

THE  
Medal Reverses.

A  
SATYRE

AGAINST  
PERSECUTION.

By  
WILLIAM HARRIS

Author of the "History of the

Printed for C. Smith, 10, St. Paul's Church-yard, 1794.

( 1 )

THE  
EPISTLE  
TO THE  
TORIES

ACcording to a late pattern,  
we have dedicated also our  
Poem, not to our Friends, but  
Enemies, and I think I have not er-  
red in the Portraiture I designed to  
draw of the Tories admired Persecuti-  
on. If I have mist of some particular  
Works, Spots or Moles, it was be-  
cause I durst not draw her so far to  
the life for fear of her Power and In-  
dignation, else some of her grand  
*Heroes*, and such as you *Tories* wor-  
B ship

ship and fall down before, had been shewn in her face, as much to the life, as the pretended *Whiggs* Heroe most daubingly was lately aimed at, by the Author of the *Medal*. But like some pictures, I have seen, which at a distance shew you the Faces of Men, if looked on thorow a perspective, expose to your view very perfectly twenty more Faces of their Relations, within their own: This revers'd Medal look'd on thorow the perspective of Judgment, will to some clear Eyes shew certain Images plain enough to be known to the *Tories* themselves, as Friends and Relations to *Persecution*. Tho I am not of Opinion that the Author of the *Medal*, and that of *Absolom* and *Achitophel* is one person, since the stile and painting is far different, and their *Satyrs*, are of a different hew, the one  
being



being a much slovenlier Beast than the other: yet since they desire to be thought so, let the one bear the Reproaches of the other. I cannot tell what immodesty the *Whiggs* can be taxed with, for the desire of a Medal from a Friend, more than the *Tories* have shown in flattering draughts of impudent Traytors. Nor tax us I beseech you for pretending only the publick Good, and a Veneration for the King; as yet. You have not detected those pretentions (as true as honest) of those you call *Whiggs* to be false; and certainly a Medal of the *Tories* Persecution, can be no scandal to the King, nor true picture of sedition. As for Pretences, the *Whiggs* can see as well as others, and can as easily detect them as you, to be gross fallacies, and that 'tis most necessary for men in your Circum-

B. 2

stances,

stances, to pretend both: For without them you could not deceive the King, nor draw after you many of the over zealous people, who suppose you work above ground, when all the while you are sapping and undermining the peace of the Nation. It is your common practise to slander or villifie others, your gross Libels swarm in the Streets, and fly in the Face of Magistracy it self, at such an impudent rate as is not to be parallel'd, in the most licentious Common-wealths, and yet you have a Confidence to cry out of the *Whiggs* for their Clubs, whilst your damme Bullies hector and roar in every Coffey-house. *Tories* you are the persons who villifie the Government, and are indeed the Reproach of it both at home and abroad, some of you designedly, more of you ignorantly

( 5 )  
rantly and foolishly. Your charges  
of the *Whiggs* incensing the Multi-  
tude to assume *Arbitrary* Power is  
most false; and we justly return that  
Charge on yourselves, for you have  
tryed all ways imaginable, to push  
on the people to a Rebellion, that  
you might have a pretence to cut  
their Throats, and compass your  
grand design; which lies hid under  
all. And when you see your Arts  
fail you, and that the Loyalty of the  
People, & love they bear to their so-  
vereign ( notwithstanding your false  
charge ) make them stedfast, and not  
to be moved with your Libels, Af-  
fronts, Charges, and Reproaches,  
and that you are not able to stir them  
up to Rebellion, you feign plots and  
devises against them, that you might  
by Law cut off their heads, hang, or  
draw; and with Satyrs from the most  
witty.

witty of your hirelings, sow sedition  
 thorow out the Nation, abusing  
 not only a living part of the King,  
 but even the King himself. And  
 what means this new Persecution of  
 Dissentors, in the midst of peace and  
 quiet, but another irritation if pos-  
 sible, to some insurrection? but  
 for ought I can see, the Loss of  
 Goods, Religion, and Life it self,  
 will not move those you call *Whiggs*  
 to actual Rebellion against a Prince  
 they love: Blame them not there-  
 fore, if sometimes their passions  
 make them speak, they are Men, not  
 Asses; are to be led by Laws, not  
 driven at will and pleasure. We do  
 not believe that the King intends to  
 make use of Arbitrary Government,  
 and we think well of some of his Mi-  
 nisters, but we also certainly know  
 there are others, who endeavour  
 all

all they can to make their own Fortunes, by unjust ways, and for Ends, that must tend to the Ruine of a Nation. If their designs were just and honest, would they live in so much fear of a Parliament, when so much the desire of the whole Nation? you *Tories* think you now have the better end of the staff, you have the Law, you have the great ones, you have Power, on your side; & therefore may do what you will, and abuse whom you please, the *Whiggs* must not open their mouths, and let them speak never so reverently of the King, all is blasphemy and canting in your Ears. You brag of your Poets and your Orators, and that all the witt lies on your side; be it so, we will not strive with you about it, vve pretend to honesty and justice, that shall make amends for our ill Language and Verses. But if

as the Author of the *Medal* says, his own verses were turn'd against him, and as he was made to satyrize himself, it shewvs there was some skill to beat him with his own vveapon; & it shews success in the Camp, when the Enemies Guns are taken and turn'd against themselves. And truly here we have but turn'd the *Medal*, to shew you the Picture of your selves, vvithout stealing, or making any use of your Rhimes or Railings. If it does not please you I am not at all solicitous, for I am also of the Humor of your Poet, & as careless as he, vvhat any of the Factionous party says of me & have (I think) more reason to trust to the goodness of my Cause.



---

---

THE  
MEDAL

REVERSED.

A  
SATYR

Against Persecution.

HOW easie 'tis to Sail with Wind and Tide ?

Small force will serve upon the stronger side :

Power serves for Law, the wrong too oft's made right ;

And they are damn'd, who against power dare fight.

Wit rides triumphant in Power's Chariot born,

And deprest Opposites beholds with scorn.

This well the Author of the *Medal* knew,

When *Oliver* he for an Hero drew.



2 He then Swam with the Tide; appeared a Saint,

10 Garnish'd the Devil with Poetick Paint.

When the Tide turn'd, then strait about he veers;

And for the stronger side he still appears.

Then in Heroicks Courts the great, and high,

And at th' Opprest he lets his Satyrs fly.

15 But he who stems the Tyde, if ground he gains,

Each stroke he makes must be with wondrous pains:

If he bears up against the Current still,

He shews at least he has some Art and Skill,

When against Tide, Wind, Billows he does strive,

20 And comes at last unto the shore alive.

Huzza my Friends, let us our way pursue,

And try what our Poetick Arms can do.

This latter Age with wonders do abound,

Our Prince of Poets has a Medal found,

25 From whence his pregnant Fancy rears a peece,

Esteem'd to equal those of Rome and Greece.

With

With piercing Eyes he does the Medal view,

And there he finds, as he has told to you,

The Hag *Sedition*, to the Life display'd,

30 Under a Statef-man's Gown ; fancy'd or made,

That is all one, he doth it so apply ;

At it th' Artillery of his Wit lets fly ;

Lets go his Satyr at the Medal strait,

Whorries the *Whiggs*, and doth *Sedition* bait.

35 Let him go on, the *Whiggs* the Hag forsake ;

Her Cause they never yet would undertake,

But laugh to see the Poets fond mistake.

But we will turn the Medal ; there we see

Another Hag, I think as bad as she :

40 If I am not mistaken tis the same,

*Christians* of old did *Persecution* name :

That's still her Name, tho now grown old and wife,

She has new Names, as well as new disguise.

Let then his Satyr with *Sedition* fight; 4

4 r And ours the whilst shall *Persecution* bite :

Two Hags they are, who parties seem to make ;

'Tis time for Satyrs them to under take.

See her true Badg, a Prison or the Tower ;

For *Persecution* ever sides with Power.

5 0 Our Satyr dares not worry those he sho'd,

But there are some felt, heard, and understood ;

Who Substantives of Power stand alone,

And by all seeing men are too well known ;

What steps they tread, and whether 'tis they drive,

5 r What measures take, and by what Arts they thrive :

But were these little Tyrants underfoot,

How bravely o're them could our Satyr strut !

What Characters, and justly, could he give,

Of men who scarcely do deserve to live !

Yet

60 Yet these are they some flatterers can Court; bold men  
Who now are Persecutions great support.  
We on the Medal see the fatal Tower;  
Truth must be silent, for we know their power;  
Whilst they, without controul, can shew their hate,

65 And whom they please, with grinning Satyrs bait.  
This puts our Satyr into fume and chafe:  
He could bite soarly, could he do it safe.  
Since against such he dares not spend his breath,  
Th' Hag Persecution he will bait to death.

70 Old as the world almost, as old as *Cain*,  
For by this Hag was righteous *Abel* slain;  
In Tyrants Courts she ever doth abide,  
Accompanied with Power, with Lust and Pride.  
What she has done is to the world well known:

75 She always made the best of men to groan:

Her bloody Acts are register'd of old,

And all her cruel Policies are told.

All that is past our Muse shall let alone,

Pass Forreign, and speak only of our own;

30 Our own dear ugly Hag, who now has power,

To send to *Tyburn*, *Newgate*, or the *Tower*.

If Power be in the Multitude, not few,

They shew that they have Faith and Reason too,

Leap not their bounds, nor do their power betray

5 Since they to Laws, and Government obey.

If other power they exercise, 'tis force,

Or rage, that's seen in a wild head-strong Horse;

The more he's spurr'd or rein'd, the more doth bound,

And leaves not, till the Riders on the ground

6 But far it seems from our Almighty Crowd,

To boast their strength, or be of power proud:

Their

Their power, they of old had fruitless try'd;

And therefore now take Reason for their guide;

Nay Faith they have in their own juster Cause,

95 In their dread Sovereign, and his righteous Laws;

This makes them thus submit; all power lay by,

For Right, for Law, for Peace they only cry:

For this, by some, they are accounted Fools.

So generous Horses are mistook for Mules;

100 And some Courte jockies mount them in their pride,

And with a Satyr's heel pur-gall their hide,

Dull asses they suppose the People are,

Made for their burthens, and not fit for War.

All with the fore-wind of Religion Saile;

105 It to all parties is the Common Scale.

I know you'll grant the Devil is no Fool,

He can disguise in Surplice, Cloak, or Cool;

8  
But still he may be known without dispute,  
By Persecution; 'tis his Cloven Foot.  
Let him be *Christian, Pagan, Turk, or Jew,*  
Pretends religious zeal, it can't be true,  
If 't Persecution raises, or maintains,  
Or makes a Market of ungodly gains.  
VVhen *Rome* had power here, and fate inchain'd,  
How cruel and how bloody she appear'd!  
Our Church Dissenters then did feel the same,  
Their Bodies serv'd for fewell to the flame:  
And can this Church now got into the Chair,  
A Cruel Tyrant like to *Rome* appear?  
For bare Opinion do their Brothers harm,  
Plague, and Imprison, 'cause they can't Conform?  
But stay, our Church has Law upon its side:  
And so had *Rome*, that cannot be deny'd,  
And if these *Jehu's*, who so fiercely drive,  
In their sinister Arts proceed and thrive,



9

We soon shall see our Church receive its doom,

And feel again the Tyranny of Rome.

To bar Succession is th' ungodly sin,

So often broak, so often peec'd ag'in.

130 O may it here in *England* never cease,

Could we but hope, it would secure our peace!

But men with different thoughts possessed are;

We dread the effects of a new Civil VVar.

We dread *Romes* yolk, to us 'tis hateful grown,

135 And *Rome* will seem a Monster in our Throne.

How rarely will a Cope the Throne bedeck?

A Bishops Head, set on a Princes Neck?

Th' inherent Right lyes in the Sovereign's sway,

But then the Monarch must *Romes* Laws obey.

140 Head of the Church he must no longer be,

But give that place unto *Romes* holy See.

Both of the Church, and him *Rome* will take care,

The Throne must truckle under Papal Chair.

D

Kings

We soon shall see our Church receive its doom,  
Kings can't do wrong, so does the maxim say;

145 But Ministers of State, their servants, may.

Tho Kings themselves do sit above the Law,

Justice still keeps their Ministers in awe;

For if they do not make the Law their guide,

Great as they are, by Law they may be try'd;

150 Else we should be to every ill,

And be made slaves to Arbitrary will.

O happy Isle where each man Justice craves!

Kings can't be Tyrants, nor the subjects slaves.

The Laws some great ones fear, who rule the State;

155 When they can't new unto their wills create,

They to their minds, with Cunning, try to mold,

And, with new Images, to stamp the old:

What 'gainst Dissenting *Papists* first was bent,

For *Protestants* now proves a Punishment.

The Throne must trundle under Papal Chains  
D  
Law,

160 Law, Law they Cry, and then their Brother smite,  
(1) As well upon the left side as the right:  
To every Jayl the Protestants they draw,  
And Persecution still is masqu'd with Law:  
We do not know but *Rome* may have its turn,  
161 And then it will be also Law to burn.

This is not all, for some ill men there be,  
Who would the Laws use in a worse degree:  
Treason and Traytors, Plots against the State,  
To reach their Foes, they cunningly create:  
170 To Prison then the Innocent they draw,  
And if they could their Heads would take by Law;  
But Law is just, and *English*-men are good,  
And do not love to dip their hands in Blood  
Of Innocents: But this has rais'd the Rage  
171 Of some Politick Actors on our Stage,

And spite of Justice, Law, and Reason too;

Their wicked ends by other means pursue.

Those men, whom they can neither hang nor draw,

Freed by their Country, Justice, and the Law,

180 They try to Murther with an Hirelings Pen,

By making them the very worst of men.

They 'ave Orators and Poets at their will,

Who with their venom, strive their Fames to kill.

These rack the Laws, and holy Scriptures too,

185 And fain would make all the old Treasons new :

They will not let the Graves and Tombs alone,

But Conjure up the Ghost of Fourty One.

With this they try the ignorant to scare,

For men are apt the worst of things to fear,

190 Tho that Ghost is no liker Eighty two,

Than a good *Christian* like a *Turk* or *Jew*.

*London*, the happy Bulwork of our Isle,

No smooth and oyle words can thee beguile :

Thou knowst thy Int'rest, that will never lye ;

19<sup>th</sup> Eternal as thy self, the men do die.

'Tis Truth and Justice that do thee uphold,

And richer in Religion than in Gold ;

Thy Piety has built thy Turrets higher

Than e're ; in spite of Plague, of War, and Fire.

200 Without a sigh we can't think on the flame,

Nor by what hands, and from what heads it came.

With envious Eyes they do thy riches view,

When old ways fail, to spoil thee thy hind new :

No Art's untry'd which may thy Coffers drain,

205 For which the subtil Lawyer racks his Brain :

Thy too old Charters they will new Arraign.

Thou must not think thou canst in safety stand,

Whilst the false Canaanite swarms in the Land.

14

Some State-Physicians cry, that thou art sick,  
And on thee they would try some quacking trick:  
As yet their poylonous drugs thou dost not need,  
Nor does thy Body want to purge or bleed.  
Thy Head we hope with Loyalty is Crown'd,  
Thy Heart and Intrails we do know are found:  
Thy hands are open, honest, free, and strait,  
And all thy Members plyable and neat;  
All think you well in Health, and sound within,  
Tho some few spots appear upon your skin,  
They're but the purgings of the sounder part,  
And are at a great distance from the Heart.  
The wealthy love to thrive the surest way,  
For gain perhaps they will like slaves obey,  
Give up their Charters, bend their necks, now free,  
To servile yokes, and stoop to that degree,  
As to submit to Romes Curst Tyranny.

But

But sure the wise, and the Religious too,  
 Will all the just and lawfull ways pursue,  
 To keep that freedom unto which they're born,  
 And which so well doth *English* men adorn;  
 230 Which our Forefathers did preserve with care,  
 And which we, next our souls, do hold most dear.  
 Let the hot *Tories*, and their *Poor* Curst,  
 They spend in vain, and you are ne'r the worse.  
 Alas! they seem us only made to damn,  
 235 And then curse most when they have lost their shame;  
 They are true *Shinies*, or the sons of *Cham*,  
 Their Mouths are open Sepulchers, their Tongues  
 With venom full is ever speaking wrong:  
 With Oaths and Cursings, and with looking big;  
 240 They seek to fright some harmless peacful Whig;  
 Then boast the Conquest, Hector, rant and tear,  
 And cry *God damn* *Protestants* they are



All the Phanaticks are a cursed Crew, (A6)

Worse than the *Papists*, or the *Moor*, or *Jew*:

The City is a Laystale full of mire,

And ought again to be new purg'd with fire:

All honesty, all godliness they hate,

Love strife and War, contention and debate,

These are the men from whom much mischief springs,

Whilst their bad cause, they falsely make the Kings;

These wrong the King, and then to make amends,

With Oaths declare they are his only friends:

But these are they, who *Coleman* would out do,

Blow up both Kings and Kingly Power too.

For why is all this Contest, and this strife?

This struggling in the State, as 'twere for Life?

VWhen all men own'd their enjoy'd happiness,

And dayly did their belov'd Monarch blest?

(17)

But these ill Men all common Roads forsake,

260 O're Hedges, and th'row standing Corn they break ;

Though ill success they have, they will not cease,

Till they have spoyl'd the Nations happy peace.

They see none to Rebellion are inclin'd,

Yet Plots they make, where Plots they cannot find.

265 But their Designs they did so idly frame,

The Evil on their Heads return'd with shame ;

And though they find their Evil Projects Curst,

They keep the Impudence they had at first :

'Gainst Honesty, Law, Reason, then they fight,

270 And falsely cry, The King can have no right.

The People of their Judgment they'd bereave,

No proof, no Circumstance will they believe:

Rebels and Traytors they will still Create,

And are Men-Catchers of the highest rate.

275 With Regal Rights these Men keep much adoe ;

But, with that Stale, their own game they pursue :

Their Monarchs Safety, Honour, Fame, Renown;  
The great Supports, and Jewels of the Crown;  
The Peoples Love, their Freedom, Liberties,  
280 Those they neglect, and these they do despise.  
What ere these Men pretend, the juggling feat  
Is plainly seen; 'tis to grow Rich, and Great,  
To Rule, to Sway, to Govern as they please:  
The Peoples Grievance, and the Lands Disease.  
285 All men that would oppose their pow'r and sway,  
And will not them, like Galley-slaves, obey,  
They brand with odious Names, although they spring  
From Fathers ever Loyal to their King:  
Though they themselves Sons of the Church are known,  
290 Would with their Blood defend their Monarchs Throne,  
And ready are their Lives to sacrifice  
For all their King's just Rights, which much they prize.  
But O the Change that's now in *England* seen,  
They who are Loyal, and so e're have been,

Because

(19)  
295<sup>1</sup> Because they will not serve sinister ends,  
Are Rebels call'd, at least call'd Traitors Friends.  
Thou wicked Hag, that now art arm'd with power,  
That wouldst Mens Souls and Bodies both devour,  
That now dost show thy bloody armed paws,  
300 With Malice arm'd, and with too rigid Laws;  
With what Poetick Curse shall I thee paint,  
Who art a Devil, yet appear'st a Saint?  
But Vengeance for thee still in Heav'n there's store,  
Though many Bless, and Thee the Beast adore,  
305 Thou'rt dy'd with Blood, and art the Scarlet Whore.  
O Persecution! thou'rt a Goddess blind,  
That never sparest any humane kind;  
In every Country thou dost footing gain,  
In all Religions thou desir'st to Reign,  
310 But never wast admitted in the True.  
Hence grow our Tears, that here thou should'st renew  
Job blusow  
E 2 Thy

Thy Strength and Power in this Happy Realm,

Our Quiet, and our Peace to over-whelm ;

When for some years thou hast been banished,

310 And Protestants believ'd thou hadst been dead ;

Or that at least, we never more should fear

That thou shouldst live to shew thy Power here :

Unless (which Heav'n avert) that thou shouldst come

By force, brought in by the Curs'd Power of Rome.

20 But griev'd we are, to see it in our Age,

And fear it may a greater ill presage.

Prisons and Fines the punishments are now,

But who knows what at last it may come to ?

For this damn'd Hag longs still for Humane Food,

25 Ne'r satisfied till she is gorg'd with Blood.

Well may the *Papists*, when they have their turn,

Rack and Imprison, Torture, Hang, and Burn ;

When *Protestants* to *Protestants* do shew,

That had they Pow'r, themselves as much would do.

But

330 But let the busie Ministers take care,  
They do but Vengeance for themselves prepare :  
For in all Ages it was ever known,  
That God his Vengeance on their Heads pour'd down.

All but meer Fools may easily foresee

335 What will the fatal end of these things be :  
If one bigotted in the *Romish* way,  
Should once again the *English* Scepter sway ;  
Then those who in the Pulpit are so loud,  
Preaching Succession to the Vulgar Croud,  
340 Must change their Croaking Notes ; their Coats must turn,  
Or, if prove Honest, fly the Land, or burn.  
Whom Benefit or Ignorance engage  
Now to the Party, then shall feel the Rage  
Of those fierce Tyrants, who now undermine,  
345 And hidden carry on their curst Design.  
The proud usurping Priest, and Popish Knaves,  
Shall be your Lords, and all the *English* Slaves ;

The



The Nobles then must wear the *Romish* yolk,  
Or Heads submit unto the fatal stroak.

350 Oppression will grow bold, the Tadpole-Priests,  
Shall list above the Lords, their Priestly Crests.

T'attempt or struggle then will be in vain,  
For *Persecution* will a Tyrant Reign ;

Her fatal pow'r will then be understood,

ss And she will glut her self with Martyrs Blood.

The Popes Supremacy shall then be shown,

No other Head in *England* will be known :

Then shall a general Curse flow through the Land,

Lord against Lord, Friend against Friend shall stand,

60 Till at the last the Crowd, in their defence,

Provok'd to Rage, Arm 'gainst their Popish Prince :

With Words no longer, but with Arms they'll jar,

And *England* will be spoyl'd with Civil War ;

True Peace and Happiness so long shall want,

65 Till she shall get a Monarch Protestant.

Thus



23

Thus Factious Men to Civil Broyls ingage,  
And with their ferment make the Crowd to rage :  
Their Madnes, they in others would increase,  
Yet wipe their Mouths, and cry they are for Peace,  
370 For King, for Regal Rights, and true Succession,  
They in the peoples ears still make profession ;  
Yet for one Man, such Friends they are, so civil,  
They'd send almost Three Nations to the Devil.  
But there's no way these Mischiefs to prevent,  
375 Unless we have an Healing Parliament :  
Of that these faulty Men love not to hear,  
They've much transgress, and much they have to fear.  
Until that day, *England* will find no rest,  
Though now she slumbers on her Monarchs breast ;  
380 But then the Nation will be truly blest.

*FINIS.*